

**The Ontario Argus**  
County Official Paper

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G. K. Aiken, Managing Editor  
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**LOCAL PERSONALS**

**THE GROWING LOAD**  
The greatest menace of the American people is the growing mountain of debt which they are creating in all their state and municipal subdivisions, said President Harding recently. And there was justification for that statement.

As a people we are apparently moral cowards. We refuse to pay our debts. Apparently when the debts were or are created there was or is no intention of paying them. Such an attitude, such a set of facts ought to make us pause, stop, turn and start in another direction, for unless we do the journey's end of American institutions is financial and moral bankruptcy.

This is no general preaching on the payment of debts. It can be applied right here at home. Take School District No. 8 for example, during the past week the board of directors refunded \$46,000 of old bonds, for another twenty years, after the debt had already been in existence for that length of time; and no attempt was made in that time to meet the obligation when due.

It is true that during one or perhaps two years small sinking funds were created and slight payments made, but that is all. Essentially however, the people of School District No. 8, have in their refusal to provide means for paying their debt, been dishonest to themselves and to their children.

Before these refunding bonds are paid—unless there is a marked change in the public's attitude—the buildings which they represent will be gone and the debt still will continue to hang as a millstone about the necks of the people, and every time better conditions are discussed, needed improvements suggested; the proponents will be told of the burden of paying interests on these bonds.

There appears to be only one solution for this situation; namely to make it mandatory with the issuance of every bonded debt, that the subdivision creating the debt levy at that time a continuing tax each year for the proportion needed to retire the principal and pay the interests. Such a law should be passed by the coming legislature. The various levying bodies should be required to submit a complete statement of their bonded debt to the state tax commission and it should be made his duty to see to it that the property levy, and property segregation of tax returns be made to create the funds necessary for the discharge of these debts. If the various city, school districts, counties, etc. will not set their houses in order the state should undertake the task. It will have to be done sooner or later, and the sooner it is done, the sooner the people will realize the significance of bond issues.

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Barney Twiford, who spent one summer ranching in this section, but who is now on the Stanfield office force at Welsler, was an Ontario visitor on Sunday.

Ray Wilson of Parma, who used to be engaged in the grocery business here, was here for a short time Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Blackaby, Mrs. Smith and Miss Lavine Smith, motored to Caldwell Sunday to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Clegg, formerly residents of Jordan Valley, who now reside in the Canyon County capital.

That they may be able to gather the message of the wild waves Misses Luella Callin, Cora and Ethel McNulty and Mae Platt left Tuesday afternoon for Seaside, Oregon, accompanied by Mrs. T. J. McNulty. They expect to loll on the beach for two weeks before returning.

Mrs. J. R. Rasmussen was called to Glenns Ferry Saturday for a short stay. She returned Tuesday morning.

William Jones, who divides his attention between the banking and stock business at Juntura and his interests here in Ontario, came down from the interior for over the week end.

Mrs. C. R. Emison and her daughter, Miss Gladys, returned this week from the Payette lakes where they were guests at the L. Adam cottage.

W. E. Lees returned Friday from Salt Lake City where he spent several days on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Howland and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan E. Oakes returned this week from an extended outing in the Little Salmon country of Idaho.

Donald McLeod, one of the best known sheepmen of this section, spent several days this week in Ontario on business.

Alberson, a postoffice down in the southern end of Harney county where quite a number of scattered stockmen get their mail, was the address which S. E. Tudor wrote on the Carter House register on Saturday of last week.

W. P. (Bill) Allen of Juntura, who is the owner of one of the spiked German helmets given to the individual who bought the most liberty bonds in the Victory loan campaign, spent the week end in Ontario. Mr. Allen came down on a number of errands among others being that of securing an irrigator to work on his ranch, for between ranching and sheep raising he is a busy man.

C. W. Grimes of Brogan, Oregon, was a Sunday visitor in Ontario.

Back from Logan Valley with the limit of trout but not as many sage hens as they expected to secure, came R. W. Jones, Dr. C. M. Tyler and Sam Taylor. Beside the limit of trout they also brought with them hirsute adornments resembling bunch grass, but did not stay behind their camouflage long, for eight days without a shave completely disguised them. Needless to say the trip was a successful one. On their return trip they missed the road at Beulah and drove down to Juntura and had to double back. They had planned to eat breakfast at Westfall, instead their noon meal was secured at that point.

Otis Miller and family of Idaho Falls, Idaho, after spending two weeks here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Neeb, left Monday for their home. Mr. Miller years ago worked here in Ontario.

**Wordsworth's View of Nature.**  
There was in Wordsworth's own character, as we have seen, a certain natural contentment, a sort of inborn religious placidity, seldom found united with a sensibility so mobile as his, which was favorable to the quiet, habitual observation of inanimate or imperfectly animate existence. His life of 80 years is divided by no very profoundly felt incidents, its changes being almost wholly inward; it falls, like his work, into broad untroubled, perhaps somewhat monotonous spaces. What it resembles most is the life of one of those early Flemish or Italian painters who, just because their minds were full of heavenly visions, passed, some of them, the better part of 60 years in quiet systematic industry. And this sort of placid life matured in Wordsworth a quiet unusual sensibility, really innate in him, to the sights and sounds of the natural world.—Walter Pater, in "Sketches and Reviews."

**Making Vermillion.**  
For many years in Hong-kong the industry of vermilion-making, entirely in the hands of the Chinese, has been an important one. The factories at Hong-kong have inviolate trade secrets. The manufacture of this pigment is among the foremost of the colony's industries. There are something like a hundred small plants for the manufacture of vermilion in Hong-kong and Kowloon. The raw material comes from Australia, and the vermilion is prepared altogether by what is known as the wet method. The Chinese made artificial cinnabar long before Europe was a civilized country, and to this day there are trade secrets in the vermilion industry.

**Hole Acts Like Reversed Camera.**  
Sitting on the old shot tower at Fayette and Front streets, of which he had been commissioned to paint pictures, Howard A. Frech, Baltimore artist, was startled by the apparition of a man walking along the wall, serene in spite of being upside down. The phantom reached a spot of shadow and vanished. Mr. Frech investigated. He found that opposite the spot where the uncanny vision appeared was a small hole in the brick wall an inch or two across, where once a padlock hung. Through this aperture the images of persons passing on the walk outside are thrown on the wall life size, and with all colors exactly reproduced, but legs in the air.

**FLY-TOX**

1. Against FLIES and MOSQUITOES. Close the windows and doors and spray FLY-TOX into the air in all directions, especially upwards. Then watch them gather at the windows and drop dead—every last one of them. They have been killed by asphyxiation, same as being gassed. A room full of flies can be killed in about five minutes. No unpleasant odor—no muss—no danger.

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5. Against FLEAS and LICE on Dogs and Chickens. Spray FLY-TOX into the hair or feathers. Do not rub into the skin, as it might blister.

The last things wanted in a home of business place are bugs.

Heretofore, the remedies for these indoor insects have been almost as bad as the bugs themselves.

Insect powders are messy to use and the better class of homes will not put up with the dust resulting from the use of insect powder. Fly paper is not a pleasant thing to look at and poorly efficient.

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**MARTIN'S STRATEGY**

By WINIFRED DUNBAR  
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"Martin, I'm in a sore peck of trouble!" spoke Robert Grant, leading man of Grafton.

"Sorry, Judge. Can I help you out of it in any way?" questioned Martin Blake, one of the humble ones of the village.

"I'm afraid not," replied Mr. Grant in a really worried and mournful tone of voice. "I've put my foot in it bad and deep. I'd give a lot to get back on the solid rock. I declare, it's getting on my nerves and I dread seeing my wife!"

To have the judge almost make a confidant of him stunned Martin and raised his hopes vastly.

Those hopes of the ardent young man centered about the bonniest girl in Grafton—Jessie, the judge's only daughter. Martin loved her from the depths of his heart and Jessie as fervently returned the sentiment.

The sudden acquisition of quite a fortune from a relative had given the judge some new grand ideas. Martin was poor, Jessie was an heiress. The match was unequal. He cast about removing to a more aristocratic town. He cut quite a swath, he fancied, going with his family to a fashionable watering place.

He had just returned looking both-ered and dismal.

"You see, it's all along of my wanting to get to a bigger town, Martin," somewhat sheepishly explained the judge. "When we started on our outing I gave orders to put up the old home here for sale."

"Yes, I heard of that," nodded Martin.

"I also gave my lawyer a power of attorney to act for me. Well, he has sold it."

"And I've got to talk out my misery to somebody. My wife made a terrible scene. I came on here because this Mr. Morgan was here today. I offered him back his money. I doubled it. No use. He said it was the ideal place he had been looking after for years and his wife and children were equally pleased with it. They're coming here tomorrow to look it over to plan some improvements.

"Judge," said Martin, "I see a way out of this."

"You do?" cried the judge eagerly. "Martin," he added, "there is not much I wouldn't do for you if you help me out of this awful dilemma," and he grasped the hand of the young man fervently.

"Judge, leave it all to me," said Martin grandly.

That afternoon Martin visited first an old colored man of numerous family at the edge of town.

When, the next morning, the new prospective residents arrived, they found Martin bustling about assuming the role of a person who had been deputized to overhaul the place.

"I declare! what is that horrible odor?" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, as she entered the house.

Martin pointed to the plumber hammering at some pipes, mumbled something about "hunting for sewer gas," and hustled outside after whispering to the plumber "to use some more of that chemical."

A series of frightful screams soon issued from the cellar. Up the stairs came flying one of the misses of the family.

She was fairly hysterical, she nearly fainted away. Two snakes, a toad and some frogs had crossed her path in the cellar!

Next door to the Grant place was a small house that had been vacant for years. It was temporarily occupied that day, however. In fact, the artful Martin had especially hired Mr. Ephraim Brown, whitewasher, and his numerous family to take possession of the domicile.

Mrs. Morgan, inspecting the garden, came to a halt as an open space in the shrubbery showed the dividing fence. Beyond it a great washing flaunted from the clothesline. A fat mammy was bustling about, with one-half dozen piccaninies at her heels. Old Eph was splitting wood. On the fence sat four ebony cherubs eating bread and butter.

"For mercy's sake!" cried Mrs. Morgan—"who are they?"

"Your neighbors," responded Martin glibly—"very well behaved people, too."

"But—black!" almost shrieked the sensitive lady and collapsed to a garden seat.

That settled it. Within the hour Mr. Morgan was down to the office of the lawyer. Willingly he canceled the contract of purchase and received back his forfeit money.

A telegram brought Mr. Grant to the village, jubilant and excited.

"You made it, didn't you!" he cried, slapping Martin on the shoulder in a truly fatherly way.

"Yes, sir," replied Martin modestly. "Now then, what can I do for you in appreciation of your good endeavors?"

"Can't you guess?" queried Martin, looking the judge straight in the eyes.

"I think I can," was the response, with a grim smile. "My big ideas have come down a peg, Martin, and so have I. You seem to know how to manage things. All right—you shall be my business agent."

"And Jessie?"

"Oh, of course she will be your partner!"

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